Δεῦτε βασιλικὸς:

A

# SERMON

Preached at the

## Kings Prison the Fleet,

On the 30th. of JANUARY, 1681.

Being the ANNIVERSARY of the

## MARTYRDOM

OF

# King Charles I.

Of Ever Blessed Memory.

---

Judges 19. 30.

*And it was so, that all that saw it said there was no such Deed done, nor seen, from the day that the Children of* Israel *came up out of the Land of* Ægypt.

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*LONDON:* Printed for *Walter Davies.* 1682.

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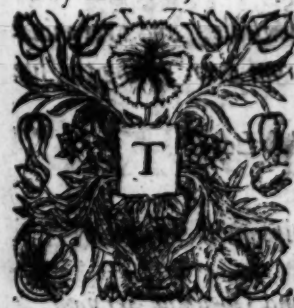
# To the Right Noble HENRY, Lord Marqueſs, and Earl of Worceſter, &c.

My LORD,



*They that ſay they make Dedications to ſhew their Gratitude to their Patrons: do, in my opinion, at the ſame time ſecretly inſinuate the worth and value of their own Works. Not to acknowledge my Obligations to your Lordſhip, were great want of Breeding; But, to ſay I preſent you this* Sermon *out of Gratitude, were a greater want of modeſty; And I hope I know my ſelf better, than to have any ſuch preſumption.*

*I profeſs ingeniouſly, that the chief reaſon that induc'd me to prefix your Lordſhips Name to this Diſcourſe, was (according to the old uſe of Dedication) to do the thing all the credit it was capable of; and if, at the ſame time, though contrary to my intentions, I have diſpleaſed Your*

Lordship, in desiring, or rather violently arrogating your Protection; yet I have this inward consolation, that my good meaning, (especially with so good a man) may, in some measure, apologize for my Error.

Again, my Lord, every body knows, what both your self and your Noble Family have suffer'd for his late Majesty of happy Memory; so that, what you can possibly suffer in a discourse of him, will be so inconsiderable, that it will scarce deserve the mentioning.

God Almighty make us truly sensible, and ever mindful of what is past; and keep us from ever seeing the like again, is the hearty Prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Lordships most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

T. S.

A

# SERMON

Preached at the

# King's Priſon,

THE

# FLEET.

PSAL. 149 8.

*To bind their Kings in Chains, and their Nobles with Fetters of Iron.*

THERE was once a wicked Harangue (for Sermon I dare not call it) delivered from the Pulpit upon theſe words, whereby both the Holy Text, and that ſacred Stool, were deſecrated and prophan'd.

A *ſcriptum eſt*, a holy Text, and a damnable Doctrine, hath been one of the Devils Practices, ever ſince he carried our Saviour into the Wilderneſs to tempt him.

Nor are theſe days of ours the firſt, wherein the Precepts of the God of Love, and the Goſpel of Peace, have been made uſe of for a Trumpet of Tumult and Rebellion.

I ſhall not need to tell you how properly, or with what ſucceſs, the *Holder-forth* brought the Text, and his occaſion of it together. I wiſh with all my heart, it were in the power of this diſcourſe in ſome meaſure to expiate his fault, and raiſe as much hatred and deteſtation in the minds of my Hearers, as he did encouragement in thoſe of his towards that never to be mentioned fact, (were it not to deter Poſterity from the like) which gave the ſad occaſion of this days ſolemnity.

Wherein we commemorate the unnatural *Murder* and *Martyrdom* of our late lawful Sovereign, and the Lords Anointed, *Charles* the Firſt, of ever bleſſed memory.

And indeed, beſides, that I ſhall right and vindicate this Text, which has been ſo much abus'd, when I conſider how little there is between the

*Priſon*,

*Priſon* and the *Grave*, the *Confinement* and the *Death* of *Kings*; and how ſenſible his Sacred Majeſty was of thoſe wounds, which he received through the ſides of his Loyal Nobility, I know none I could have choſen, that might more fully, and fitly, put us in mind of his ſuffering,s and the Duty of this day.

Which is to humble and afflict our Souls under the ſenſe of thoſe manifold crying Sins and Iniquities, for which God Almighty ſuffered *Rebellion* thus to exalt her ſelf, and juſtifie her *Villanies* and *Murders* by the *ſucceſs*, neither ſparing *Innocent*, nor *Royal Blood*; but, *To bind our Kings in Chains, and our Nobles in Fetters of Iron:*

I will not be over-careful (nor do I think it neceſſary) to reconcile my Text to the preſent occaſion, any further than it may ſerve for a ſad *Remembrancer* of this black and fatal day: I will only (in paſſing) mind you of the diſproportion.

Whereas the *Kings* ſpoken of here by the Pſalmiſt, were *Heathens* that knew not God; The *King*, whoſe *hard fate* we remember this day, was a Chriſtian, and ſo truly *the Defender of the Faith*, that, even in the literal ſence, *he reſiſted unto Blood.*

And whereas, the *binders* in the Text, *were Saints*,

*and Men of Honour*; *ours were execrable Villains, and the dregs of the People*; Though I cannot but obſerve by the way, that there was a kind of fatality in their calling themſelves *Saints*, *and the People of the Lord.*

The main *Theſis* then, or Pillar of my diſcourſe at this time will be, *the Sufferings of our Royal Martyr*: But becauſe it is impoſſible to mention them, without ſome reflections on *His Vertue*, and *His Enemies Malice*, theſe two will make our Topicks, or Common-places, three; to wit,

*His Majeſties Sufferings*,
*His Vertues*, and
*His Enemies malicious wickedneſs.*

His *Sufferings* were paſſing great, and (for ought I know, or have ever read, if you will except our Saviours) unparallel'd.

His *Patience* and *Vertue*, as I ſhall ſhew you anon, were ſuch too; And leſt any proportion ſhould be wanting in the ſtory, ſuch alſo was the implacable *Malice* and *Wickedneſs* of his Enemies.

A *Malice*, which, I had almoſt ſaid, was immortal, and notwithſtanding any *Act of Grace* and *Indempnity*, ſeems to have out-liv'd both *Pardon and Puniſhments*, *and the very Actors themſelves.*

And,

And, according to the notion of the Philoſopher, to have tranſmigrated and remov'd it ſelf into new Bodies.

I do very well know, that this part of my diſcourſe (and it may be ſome other beſides) will not pleaſe every body; but I am confident I am guiltleſs, and they have themſelves to thank for it, who, in this late conjuncture, have endeavoured (as far as in them lay) to involve us in the ſame miſeries and calamities again.

So that, to ſpeak freely and boldly at this time, (whatever they would make us believe,) is ſo far from doing any violence to that his preſent Majeſties moſt Gracious *Act of Oblivion*, that I do verily believe it were a ſin to be ſilent; and I hope the ſeaſonable liberty of all the Pulpits in the Kingdom at this preſent, may be one means to keep us from being twice Shipwrackt upon the ſame Rocks; from being undone again, and periſhing a ſecond time by the ſame unhappy method of *binding our Kings in Chains, and our Nobles in Fetters of Iron.*

I cannot promiſe you that in this enſuing diſcourſe, I ſhall ſo ſtrictly as it may be you may expect, and ſo diſtinctly and ſeverally ſpeak to each of thoſe three Heads or Arguments I have propoſed. For,

For, beſides that grief (eſpecially ſuch as this) is not eaſily confin'd in Rules and Methods; the nature of my Subject, and the circumſtances of the Story, will oblige me to ſpeak of them mixtly and confuſedly, and as they ſhall preſent and ſhew themſelves upon ſeveral occaſions and emergencies.

However, that I may obſerve as much of form and order, as the nature of the thing will bear, I will part the following Tragedy, according to the cuſtom of thoſe bloody entertainments, into theſe five Sections.

The firſt will contain His Majeſties Sufferings and Troubles before, and to the very time of, the late open Rebellion.

The ſecond will ſhew us His Misfortunes and ill ſucceſs, during the time of that Civil War, till he was delivered up by the *Scotch* Army, and confin'd. The third will conſiſt of the ſtory of His Confinement it ſelf.

The fourth, of His Sufferings in the Perſons of His Loyal Nobility, and ſuch good Subjects as followed His Fortunes in that general calamity.

And the fifth and laſt Act, which is the *Cataſtrophe*, or winding up of the Tragedy, will tell us the ſad ſtory of His Death and Martyrdom.

For

For which this polluted Land, which drank His Royal Blood, mourns to this day under the Judgments of a righteous Avenger; and for which, and for our ſins, which were the remote cauſe of it, every good man cannot chuſe but have his eyes full of tears, and his mouth full of ſuch lamentations.

How are the Mighty fallen? The Crown is fallen from our Head, and wo unto us that we have ſinned, wo unto us that we have ſinned, and done ſo wickedly, as *to bind our Kings in Chains, and our Nobles in links of Iron.*

Before I enter upon this ungrateful Province, inſtead of a Preface, I will firſt of all ſhew you His late Majeſty, of bleſſed memory, in all his, (ſometime,) Pomp and Greatneſs, incircled with all thoſe bleſſings that may make a Monarch happy, and the care of Governing tolerable.

That ſo, from thoſe mighty heights and advantages, you may have the fairer light, and take a better view of the humble valley of His Tears and Miſery.

It is but too well known, that men in adverſity, meaſure their misfortunes and preſent evils, by all the ſteps and degrees of Honour or Riches, that ever they were poſſeſt of.

*Fuimus*

——*Fuimus Troes.*

Is but a miſerable comfort, to have been happy, to have been rich or honourable, is one of the bittereſt circumſtances and aggravations, that Affliction is capable of.

*Celſæ graviore caſu decidunt turres.*

*High Buildings fall heavy.*

And for this reaſon, ſays the Son of *Sirach*, *O Death! how bitter is thy remembrance to a man, that lives at eaſe in his poſſeſſions.*

Now I muſt put you in mind, that His Majeſty (who furniſhes us the Subject of this diſcourſe) was once, it may be, one of the happieſt Princes of the World.

He was Royally Born and Related: There was ſcarce a Crown in *Europe*, of any great conſideration, but he had ſome alliance to it.

His Perſon and Preſence were pleaſing and Majeſtick, and every way becoming His Birth and Quality.

And then for His Soul, it was fair and Princely too,

too, like the Mansion it dwelt in.

He was a Person of a most undaunted Resolution and Constancy, of a present and ready Wit, a profound and discerning Judgment; and, in a word, a most universal Knowledge and Learning; witness those excellent, those incomparable Writings of His, the best Legacy (except His great and holy Example) which he could have left to Posterity.

Writings, that are throughly informed, not only with the Majesty of a King, but also the Reverence of a Divine. *Alas, that so much Worth, and Learning, and Goodness, should be murdered in one man.*

To complete his happiness, he married a Wife Great and Virtuous like himself, by whom God gave him a numerous Issue, in some of whom we are (and may we be long so) blest and happy to this very day.

In short; a time there was (and pity it was so good a time had wings) when this mighty Monarch wanted nothing; that either Nature or Industry could think of, to [illegible] Crown [illegible]; nothing that might render him considerable, and esteemed abroad, or honoured and obeyed at home.

Yea Rebellion her self, like the sin of Witchcraft, sought the shadow of the Night, and dwelt in the dark.

 She

She crouch'd and crept into corners. She was both afraid and ashamed of the Light, and as yet durst work no worse effects in the Kingdom, than what she could do with thinking and imagination.

Till at length, when the number of our sins were fulfilled, and when their Cry had justly provoked God Almighty to anger, he suffered his own, and his anointed's Enemies, like *Jesurun, to wax fat, and kick*; and from thinking and wishing evil, to fall to murmuring, and running into private Cabals and Treasonable Meetings. From murmuring and private Meetings, to advance as far as undutiful and disloyal discourses upon the Streets, and running together into insolent and unwarrantable Tumults, from Tumults to open Rebellion and Slaughter: thence to the Confinement and Imprisonment of his Majesties Sacred Person; so to the Plundering, Sequestration, and Murdering of His True, and Loyal Subjects; and last of all, to that bloody Murder and Martyrdom of the best of Kings, under the notion of a Traytor and Malefactor, by a pretended course of Law and Justice.

By the imperfect touches I have given you of his former prosperity, and comparing them with the subsequent story of his afflictions, you may take

some

ſome kind of meaſures, and give ſome ſort of gueſs at his ſufferings and ſorrows.

And when we have trac'd him through all the Tumults, Wars, Impriſonments, and Sufferings that befel him in his Life, and added to them the horrid manner and circumſtances of his Death, you will believe with me, that next our Saviour, He may pretend the ſecond beſt Title to the words of the Holy Ghoſt, *Behold now, and ſee all ye that paſs by, if there be any ſorrow like unto my ſorrow! Behold, and ſee a King* (once indeed a mighty King) *bound in Chains, and his Nobles in Links of Iron.*

But to begin with his ſtory, according to the order I have propoſed.

When His late Majeſty, of Bleſſed Memory, firſt received the Crown, the too happy Kingdom had ſo long enjoyed an uninterrupted Peace, that it was even grown ſick of its own Proſperity, and loſt and ſwallowed up in its own happineſs.

We had ſurfeited of our own plenty, and (like thoſe that had eaten too much Honey) could not reliſh our own enjoyments.

And, as this is ordinarily the time that men grow wanton and wicked, and forget God; ſo is it very often a forerunner of Rebellion againſt his Anointed.

And hence is that common observation, both in History and Policy, that the best and most indulgent Princes, that have the most carefully consulted the Peace and Happiness of their Subjects, have for the most part been worst obeyed.

Such was the hard fate of this Good King, whose Fatherly Piety and Tenderness towards his People, made them (as is common in ill Natures) to forget their duty and Allegiance towards him.

The first appearance of this Storm was in that fatal unquiet Quarter, the *North*.

The Cloud arose in *Scotland*, and was, at first, no bigger than a mans hand, but at last it grew so great, that it covered three Kingdoms, and drench'd almost every corner of them with showers of blood.

The pretence indeed of this disorder was Religion, but it appeared by the sad consequences, that the thing design'd and intended (at least by the Kings leaders and first movers of it) was Violence, and Rapine, and Sacrilege.

*Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum?*

*Who would think Religion should make men so wicked?*

They

They begin first of all with Paper Arms, mutinous and Treasonable Pamphlets, and insolent and senceless Petitions.

Then the evil Spirit grew so unruly and disorderly, that it assaulted the Bishops upon the Streets, nay the very Churches and Pulpits could not secure them from violence.

And at length this heat and insolence broke forth into an open flame of Hostility and Rebellion.

But that which made every good mans apprehensions of this mischief the stronger, was, that the Rebels were conniv'd at, if not favour'd, and encouraged under hand by a party of their Brethren in *England*.

For at the same time there were many Seditious Pamphlets scattered about here likewise, which did most impiously reflect both upon the Church and Government, yea which was yet infinitely more intolerable, several of the Authors, who had been taken into custody and condemn'd for them, were afterwards by the House of Commons delivered, and vindicated, and commenced the date of their Fame and Popularity (as *Herostratus* from the burning of *Diana's* Temple) from those abominable beginnings, and upon those dangerous foundations erected the

structure

ſtructure of their riſing Fortunes.

This I ſay to put you in mind, that ſometimes men arrive at ſtrange degrees of honour and eſteem, only by the merit of their Crimes: And I am of opinion, we have ſeen but too many examples of the like kind very lately, who to pleaſe the people and make a fortune, neither cared what they ſaid, or ſwore, or did.

But let me tell you by the way, that ſuch attempts and practices as theſe, are for the moſt part very unfortunate in the end, and when the Peoples eyes are opened, they that before cryed *Hail Maſter*, will then cry *Crucifie him*, *Crucifie him*; and they that to day cry *Hoſanna*, will to morrow cry *Away with him to* Golgotha.

But I came not here to Propheſie.

The Male-contents in *England*, after the example of their rebellious Neighbours, begin to cry out aloud for *Liberty*, *and Religion*, *and a thorow Reformation*.

Hereupon his Majeſty, thinking it the moſt proper remedy for theſe Agonies and Convulſions of State, calls a Parliament.

And this, as it happened afterwards, proved a remedy worſe than the Diſeaſe it ſelf: For inſtead of healing and compoſing differences and grievances,

they

they made it their buſineſs to aggravate, and make them worſe.

They themſelves immediately begin to complain of Biſhops and the whole Hierarchy of Eccleſiaſtical Officers in the Church; and of evil Counſellors in the State, and about his Majeſties Perſon.

Nay they begin to deſcend to particulars. His Grace the Lord Arch-Biſhop is Impeached, and afterwards Executed for high-Treaſon; nor can the Reverence of his Office, nor the Integrity of his Manners, ſecure him. About the ſame time, the Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, of whoſe Innocence his Majeſty, and all the World (not excepting his very Enemies, who took care that his caſe ſhould be no preſident for Poſterity) were very well ſatisfied, was alſo Committed to the Tower, Condemned, and Executed upon the like accuſation.

All this while his Majeſty was but a helpleſs looker on, for the Common People upon his occaſion, ran together in ſuch Multitudes and clamorous Tumults, as endangered not only the Servant, but the Maſter.

A hard caſe and a pitiful, that a King whoſe the Laws are, could not deliver an innocent Perſon from being Condemned, and ſuffering Death contrary

to

to Law, and a ſad preſage of his own misfortunes.

In the mean time, the Parliament is plyed with Petitions from all ſorts of men and women too (except the good) and Grievances, and Fears, and Jealouſies of I know not how many kinds.

But the main common places were Religion and Liberty.

Alas! what Religion do they dream of, that ſtrike at the very roots and foundations of it? Or what Liberty can the Subjects expect, when the King himſelf is not free.

However they and the Parliament mutually encourage one another, and ſtrengthen one anothers hands in wickedneſs. The clamours of the People make the Parliament bold, and the boldneſs of the Parliament makes the People clamorous.

All this while his Majeſty, to ſhew how much he tendered the peace and quiet of his Subjects, and to ſatisfie them all, if it were poſſible, at their importunity, recedes in ſome things from his Right and Prerogative.

He paſſes a Bill for the Triennial Parliament, and afterwards ſettled this during the pleaſure of the two Houſes.

A wonderful condeſcention and goodneſs in a King,

King, the like of which we have never met with in all our English Chronicles.

And now let us see how they requite him.

About this time, his Majesty charged some of the Members of the House of Commons, and not without just cause, with High-Treason, and demanded them in the House himself in Person.

But this they exclaim of as a high breach of Priviledge, and the accused Members, who were for the present fain to abscond, were in a little time afterward brought again to sit in the House, and vindicated without Tryal.

Thus finding the ground they had got of his Majesty, their demands grow every day louder and more unreasonable. They do not blush to demand the power of the *Militia*, the Command of the Navy, the Government of all the Strengths and Garrisons in the Kingdom.

So that Royalty was now to be stript of all her Ornaments, and Sovereignty to be

*Fox & præterea nihil.*

*An empty Name, and nothing else.*

And now what is become of our old English Loyalty and Honesty, when our King shall, by his own Parliament, be divested of all the Ensigns of his Honour and Majesty, and the Father of his Country become a Slave to his Subjects?

About this time did the Natives of the Kingdom of *Ireland*, encouraged by the example of the *Scots*, and the attempts of this Parliament upon the Crown, cast off the Yoke of their Allegiance, and run into open Rebellion, and made such a Massacre of his Majesties Protestant Subjects, as never was heard of before in the three Kingdoms.

And here notwithstanding his Majesties continual soliciting and importuning the Parliament, for the reducing and settling that Kingdom; it is very observable, that they still declin'd it: And some men were so barbarously scandalous and so unreasonably malicious, as to object the cause of that Rebellion to his Majesty himself, and insinuate to the World that it was secretly begun and favoured by his Authority and Commission.

Thus did the three Kingdoms, as if they had made a secret League and Agreement among themselves, almost at one time fall into Rebellion against their Natural Prince: A Prince who was so ready to

grant

grant them any reasonable request, that we may say of him as it was once said of the good *Roman* Emperor,

*Neminem unquam à se tristem dimisit.*

He never let any man depart out of his presence sorrowful or dejected, if his Petition could be granted with honour.

But the Parliaments Addresses are not such, they spend whole Reams in Petitions, Remonstrances, Declarations, and a great many such like Paper fireworks, all very strange and unreasonable.

And still the more his Majesty grants, the more they still demand; for they are reslov'd that nothing shall satisfie them but all.

They will have the very Fundamentals of Government altered, both in Church and State, and because his Majesty cannot agree to this, the Rabble associate themselves in tumults and dangerous uproars; insomuch that he is forced to send away his Queen into *Holland*, for fear of violence from his own Subjects, in the head City of his Kingdom, and in his own Palace.

Nay at last he was fain himself to retreat from

his own House, and with an unwilling leave of the City, for fear his People, in their mutinies and tumults, (than which there can be no greater omens or presages of approaching misery to a State) should have stretcht forth their hands to destroy the Lords Anointed.

And because he is now out of their reach, the Parliament do actually seize upon the Militia, the Tower, and all other Garrisons of the Kingdom, they put the command of the Navy into hands of their own chusing, and their own Creatures into all Offices of Trust in the Kingdom.

In short, having made all the preparations that the time would admit, they put themselves into a posture of War, and to let the world see that they were in good earnest; his Majesty is absolutely denyed entrance into one of his own Towns, and the Parliament avow the Deed.

And this, I think, was one of the first Acts of real Hostility and Defiance.

I am sorry I have been forced to be so particular in this first part of his late Majesties Sufferings, but I have done it not only to put you in mind of those steps and advances, whereby the late Civil War began, but also to let you see how near it was in this

this late conjuncture of affairs, to tread the same paths, and make our selves miserable once more by the same means.

And here I desire that no body may take that for Reproach and Affront, which I intend only for Reproof and Instruction.

We began now, just as we did then, after a long Fit of Fast and Plenty, to be weary of our Rest, and sick of our Happiness.

And, to secure the *Success*, the *Design* is begun with the very same method, whereby it had once prevailed.

*Secret Murmurings, Private Tables, Treasonable Pamphlets, Lewd Petitions, Complaints against the Church, and Her Discipline, Indignities to Her Bishops, frying out against Evil Counsellors, lessening His Majesty in the esteem of His People, and filling their Heads with frantick Fears, and Jealousies where no Fear was.*

This I shall mind all true, though I could wish it were not. And, had not His Majesty, and His Council, seen the Fatal Consequences of these things once before, in all probability we had been mind, and [illegible] by them now, and the whole Nation at this day [illegible] in a Bloody Civil War.

Bro-

Brother might be fighting against Brother, the Father against the Son, and the Son against the Father; and a Man's Enemies might have been those of his own House.

And this puts me in mind of the second Section in my method; wherein I promis'd to speak of *His Majesty's Sufferings and Misfortunes*, during the time of the late Civil War, till he was deliver'd up by the *Scots* into the hands of His Enemies, and Imprison'd.

And now, you may imagine the War already begun, *English*-men marching, and fighting against *English*-men; the Air filled with the noise of Drums and Trumpets, and darkened with the smoak of Cannons and Musquets; the Fields cover'd with the Carcasses of the Dead; and the Rivers colour'd with the Bloud of the Slain.

In the midst of this Confusion, and clattering of Arms, the Laws are utterly silent, and each man's Possession is his only Title.

With what eyes, and with what heart, do you think so good a King could behold the various Successes and Events of the War; wherein, whoever were the Conquerours, He was still sure to lose His Subjects, and always to bear a sorrowful part, both in *Doing* and *Suffering*.

How

How contrary this War was to His Majesty's Intentions, (that I may use his own words, in his incomparable ἐικὼν βασιλίκη) will appear in his total unpreparedness for it. His former Concessions shew how willingly he would have prevented it; and his frequent Messages for Peace sufficiently testifie that he delighted not in War.

Whereas, all the Overtures of Peace that his Enemies ever made, were still accompanied with such Articles and Clauses, as they knew beforehand could never be condescended to, either by a King, or a Good Man.

Witness the Nineteen *Propositions* with the *Additions*; The Treaty at *Uxbridge*; and all other their *Mediations*, wherein it is evident, even to ordinary Capacities, that they design'd nothing but War, well understanding, and wisely considering, that a Dom of *Machiavel's*, *He that draws his Sword against his Prince, must throw away the Scabbard.*

This indeed they kept to themselves.

But there were other Whatnot of their own Policy, I could tell you of, which they obtrusted upon the People, to the eternal shame of our *English* Nation be it spoken.

As, the distinction between His Majesty's Pri-

vate

vate and Publick Conduct; Taking up Arms against Himself, by His Authority; Killing his Subjects, to Defend his Crown; and, in a word Rebelling out of Loyalty.

I know not what kind of Heads they were, upon which they imposed these notions; but I am certain the Imparted Swords and Bullets could never be taught these Distinctions.

Nor *Charles* again, this in this general Confusion and Calamity, it should go well with the Church, when it was so ill with her Sons.

The Reverend Bishops are some of them imprisoned, the rest driven from their Sees.

An Ordinance is made against the Book *Common Prayer*; may, the very *Creed* and *Lord's Prayer* are banished in Churches, and some of the *Stoich Divines* [illegible] to [illegible] of [illegible] which [illegible] have [illegible]

[illegible] *tion*; *Reformation* [illegible] Cause [illegible] short, of all [illegible] that needed [illegible]

The Pulpits are in most places [illegible]

Stools

Scools of Sedition, and Treason; and because there were not enough of them, the Shop-bulks, Tables, Chairs, Tubs, Trees, and almost every corner of the streets, are prest to supply the defect.

The Learned and Orthodox Divines are slighted, and persecuted; and the bold, and ignorant, *Guisards-men*, (as they call'd them) are favour'd and advanc'd.

No wonder then if all manner of Sects, Errours, and Heresies, (like Leprous and Infectious Diseases) spread themselves almost into all places of the Kingdom.

And now the *Scots* are called in, as Auxiliaries, to their Brethren; but they are men not to be hir'd upon any ease, or ordinary terms.

They bring a *Solemn League and Covenant* along with them; and unless their Brethren in *England* will take it, they are resolv'd not to strike a stroke in their Quarrel. How this Covenant obtained amongst us, and how it was received in this Kingdom, I shall not need to tell you.

Let me only say this, (and the truth of it) That it was only made use of here as a trick of State, for the Ruine of the Church, and the Extirpation of her Discipline.

I had like to have added, the Damning of mens Souls; for it was directly contrary to the *Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance*; so that he that took both Them, and the *Covenant*, must of necessity be Perjur'd; and whereas they called it, *A Solemn League and Covenant with God*: I dare boldly say, in the Prophet's Phrase, *Isa.* 28. 15. *It was a Covenant with Death, and an agreement with Hell.*

But to return to the War.

This War was managed on His Majesties side with the greatest disadvantages imaginable; for the Parliament had seized upon His own Revenues, sequester'd His Friends, and to keep His Subjects from serving him out of Love, and Loyalty, they maliciously spread abroad false and scandalous Reports of His Person.

Thus, by the permission of God Almighty, (who sometimes in Judgment lets the Wicked prosper) His Majesties Army, by several considerable Losses, being extremely reduced and weakened; and Money (which is the strength and sinews of War) being wanting to recruit them, He resolves to give over the War, and betake Himself to the *Scotch* Army, which lay then before *Newark*, and did so, having this only comfort in the world, (besides that

of

of a good Conſcience) that *the Event never ſtates the Juſtice of a Cauſe.*

With what killing thoughts, and terrible apprehenſions, do we think His Majeſty threw Himſelf into the power of theſe perfideous Men, of whom he himſelf ſaid, after they had ſold him, That *they were juſt in this, that they had not deceived him?*

How lamentable was his condition, when, upon mature deliberation, he thought it his greateſt ſafety to truſt thoſe, in whom he knew there was no Truſt?

Immediately after his arrival there, he iſſues out his Warrants to all the Governours of Towns, and other Officers in his Army, to capitulate with his Enemies, make ſuch Conditions as their circumſtances would admit, and ſurrender.

And certainly, it could not chuſe but be a very great affliction to ſo large and noble a Soul as that of his, to think that at laſt ſo many Brave and Loyal men muſt leave his Service, without any Reward, but that of Heaven, and be expos'd to the Fury of thoſe wicked men, whoſe very tender Mercies, he knew, were Cruel.

The News of His Majeſties putting himſelf into the protection of the *Scots* (you may think) quick-

ly arriv'd at the Parliament, who immediately agree with them about his Price, (I must not say Ransom) and sold, bought, and deliver'd into the hands of his Implacable Enemies, conducted to *Holmby*, and soon after

And this brings to the third Section of His Majesties Sufferings; to wit, *During His Imprisonment*, which part of his affliction comes nearest the literal sense of the Text, *To bind your Kings in Chains*.

I shall need to say little (especially in this Audience) of the pressures and difficulties of a Prison to the very meanest, and most vulgar of men. But, that a King should be *bound in Chains*; the Asserter of the Peoples Liberties confin'd; a Sovereign Prince, so Great, so Good, so Just, Imprison'd by his own Subjects, in his own Kingdom, may challenge the wonder and amazement of this age, and perhaps exceed the belief of some of those that are to come.

The boldness and malice of his Enemies was a wonder; so also was His Majesties Virtue and Patience: And certainly, had not his Spirit been buoy'd up, and wonderfully confirm'd, by the sweet and comfortable Influences of God Almighty's, his restraint would have deluded their last Re-

venge,

venge, and put an end to his miserable Life before the day.

Immediately after, his Enemies, that their malice and bitterness might want no aggravation, command his Guardians to retrench both the Expences of his entertainment, and his Retinue; The Countrey-people that flock'd thither to be cur'd of that Disease which we commonly call the *King's Evil*, are not admitted to his Presence, but repell'd with Scorn and Reproaches. But that which was the most Prodigious and Inhumane of all their Cruelties, and hard usage, was, that (as if, like the *Devil*, they had envy'd the well-fare of his Soul) notwithstanding all his Sollicitations in this Extremity, they refus'd him the attendance of his Chaplains; a greater Rigour and Barbarity than is ever used amongst Christians to the meanest Prisoners, and greatest Malefactors.

By the first, they might think to lessen the Quality of his Person; By the second, to diminish his Credit and Esteem among the People; But, by the last, I know not what they could intend; unless it were to hedge up his way to Heaven, and, if it were possible, murder his Immortal Soul.

I will not adventure to tell you how his Majesty resen-

resented this passage, I refer you to his own Book.

A while afterwards, some mis-understanding arising between the Parliament and the Army, the General sends a Party of Horse, seizes his Majesties Person, and carries him from one place to another, till at last he is committed Prisoner to the *Isle of Wight*.

And here the Parliament send their Commissioners to Treat with him again; where they find his Concessions such, that they tell him they doubt not but that the Peace will suddenly be concluded, and all differences between Him and his People adjusted and determined.

Upon their return to *London*, the Army (wherein, it is probable, there were many *Cains* and *Judas's*, who thought their sins too great for Pardon) puts forth a Remonstrance, wherein they demand, *That Justice may be done upon all the Actors and Contrivers of the late Civil War; and particularly upon his Majesty, as the Author and Beginner of that Calamity.*

Hereupon his Majesty is committed close Prisoner, his Servants dismiss'd, and he himself a while after brought to *Windsor*, and so to *London*, with a strong Guard; where the usual Respect, and ceremony of the Knee, is quite wav'd, and omitted by most

most of those that are about his Person; nay there were some that would scarce vouchsafe him the Hat.

And now, to add the last complement to their Iniquity, which is, to Establish it by Law: the House of Commons declare, *That, by the Fundamental Laws of the Realm, it is Treason in the King of England, to levy War against the Parliament, and Kingdom. That the Legislative Power is in the People. That the Commons assembled in Parliament are the Supreme Authority of the Nation. That all the People of the Nation are included in the Parliament, although the King and House of Peers do not consent thereunto. That the King himself took Arms against the Parliament, and therefore is Guilty of all the Bloud-shed in the late Civil War; and that he ought to expiate the Crime with his own Bloud.*

Notwithstanding this, the Ordinance for his Majesties Tryal is refused by the Lords; whereupon the House of Commons pass it alone, and by themselves cause a Charge of High Treason to be drawn up against him, in order to his Tryal, in the Name of the Commons of *England*, and immediately make Proclamation, *That they that could accuse the King, should present themselves before the Commissioners appointed for his Tryal, and they should be heard.*

I will not trouble you with Remarques upon these several passages; the bare Relation does manifestly shew us both the Rebels Malice, his Majesties Sufferings, and admirable Patience and Resignation; whereof himself hath given us the best draught, in his own incomparable Book.

We will therefore leave him a while to his Devout Prayers, and Holy Meditations; and before we bring him to act his last Part upon this Bloudy Stage, according to the order of our method, speak a word upon *His Sufferings in the Persons of his Loyal Nobility, and such good Subjects as stood and fell with his Majesty, in that Good Cause.*

We commonly say, *The King is the Fountain of Honour*; and when the Fountain is troubled, you know the Rivulets, and little Streams, must needs run muddy.

The King is like the great Luminary of the world, the Sun; from which (as some Natural Philosophers conceive) both the Moon, and many of the lesser Lights of Heaven, borrow their shine and splendour.

Now, when the Sun it self is Eclipsed, the Moon, and all those other Planets, must needs fade, and lose their brightness.

When

When the King [illegible] and Cousin [illegible] how can we think that the Loyal Nobles should enjoy their reflected [illegible] and [illegible]

This was the [illegible] of the [illegible] time.

His [illegible] was [illegible] the measures of his [illegible] were likewise Plunder [illegible] and many of them put [illegible]

So exactly were those [illegible] Saviour [illegible] plicable to this sad occasion, *The Servant is not greater then his Master. And if [illegible] these things in the Green Tree, what will they do in the Dry?*

I will not pretend to give you a just Bill of the Mortality of those days. But, since I am so far engaged, I will adventure to say something, and be sure to keep my self [illegible] bounds of truth and modesty.

There were on his Majesties part, above Twenty Earls and Lords slain, [illegible] by a pretended Court of Justice [illegible] and Knights, above an Hundred [illegible] Lieutenant-Colonels, and Seven [illegible] Four hundred Captains, and other inferiour Commission Officers, and then, for the meaner Sub-

 jects,

jects, and private Sentences, I leave you to guess; I will say nothing of their Numbers, but pray to God, that their Blood may never rise up in Judgment against this Nation.

For you will [illegible] this Hurricane, or Tempest, overthrew [illegible] the tall Oaks, and goodly Cedars, but destroyed and crushed the very Shrubs and [illegible].

There was scarce a Loyal Subject, (say if he were only thought) or reported to be so, though his Quality were never so mean, but felt the Insolence and Violence of the [illegible] Conquerours.

Yea, [illegible] a Crime only to live in a Loyal Neighbourhood, and to relieve or shew mercy to such as were persecuted for their Loyalty, was the ready way to follow their [illegible] and share in their [illegible].

Nay more, their malice often times [illegible] scended all bounds, that they did mischief where they were not invited by any benefit to themselves; only [illegible] they took in doing it. Burning [illegible] Goods, destroying Books, Evidences, and Publick Records, to the prejudice of Posterity, the disturbance of Possessions, the obstruction of Justice, the impairing of Learning, only to make themselves sport.

Nay,

Nay, I believe there is scarce a Cathedral in the Kingdom, which does not bear the Livery of their madness, and some marks of their rage, unto this very day.

Nor do I wonder, that the Houses of God were prophaned and defaced, when I consider that the Priests themselves, who lived by his Altar, were either sacrific'd to the fury of the Enemies, or at least deprived of their Benefices, and exposed to the wide world; which was one of their tender Mercies.

But what do I speak of their persecuting of the living, who envy'd the very rest and quiet of the dead, breaking in pieces their Monuments, and violating the Ashes of those bodies, whose Souls are in Heaven, out of their reach?

How monstrous and unproportionable is it in these men, to pretend themselves Servants of the living God, who in their practice [illegible] a mortal hatred to the place where he dwells? Or how can we think that they have any Religion, who have even divested themselves of all Humanity?

To divert us from this unpleasant Argument, with praying for those of them that are yet alive,

in the words wherewith St. Stephen (the blessed Proto-Martyr) pray'd for those that stoned him, *Lord lay not this Sin to their Charge.*

I will only put you in mind, that when you have added the Sufferings of the Nobility, to those of his late Majesty, you have the compleat figure, and substance of the Tragedy of *King Charles* and his Nobles in Effigie.

But there is yet no end of this sorrowful story.

What I have hitherto said, are all but flourishes and preliminaries; The great slaughter of the fifth Act, the last and bloudiest Session of my method, is yet to come, and that is, the Murder and Martyrdom of the best of Kings, by the hands of his own Rebellious Subjects.

An action, that (all circumstances consider'd) can find no Parallel in time past, and God forbid it should in time to come; to which Posterity shall for ever pay an annual Tribute of Tears, and the solemnity of a Perpetual Commemoration.

An action, that surpasses all the savage and inhumane barbarities of those Countreys, whose Cruelty is gone into a Proverb, and which, among other Nations, has branded, and stigmatiz'd this of ours, with an eternal Infamy.

The

The Rebels bring their Lawful Sovereign to a formal Tryal, in a Court of their own erecting; In vindication of whose Authority, when questioned by his Majesty, as they had nothing to answer, so could they not produce the least colour of Law, or pretence of Reason for trying him, who was *unaccountable to any Power upon Earth*, and according to that ancient maxim of the Law, *can do no wrong*.

But their *Power* must pass for *Justice*, and their *Wills* are a *Law*: And he might as well demand an account of their Proceedings, as an Innocent Traveller might of violence offered him by a desperate knot of Banditti, or Highway-men.

All this while (as the Jews did at the Tryal of our Saviour) the insolent Souldiers, according to their Instructions (not to mention their more than Barbarous and Inhumane affronts and outrages) cry out aloud for *Justice against the Prisoner at the Bar*.

The President of that *High Court of Justice* (as they called it) in the mean while, with a torrent of imperious and insolent words, urges him to plead, while he only persists (as well he might) to deny the Authority of the Court.

There are several days spent in the same manner, after

after which, as Judges use to treat Malefactors, that *have not the fear of God before their Eyes*, the President begins a grave Harrangue, (nor will he be interrupted by a King) wherein he alleges *the Authority of Parliaments, aggravates his Majesties contumacy, and the horrour of his Crimes*; wilfully mistaking light for darkness, and darkness for light, innocence for Guilt, and Guilt for Innocence: and so proceeds to Sentence of Death, by severing his Head from his Body.

*This* (says he, after the Sentence read) *is the All, Sentence, Judgment and Resolution of the whole Court*; whereupon they that sate as Judges (being in number Seventy eight persons) stood up, and shewed their assent, by *holding up their hands*; never considering, with what heavy hearts, and dejected eyes, they should one day *hold up their hands again for the same Fact*, before the dreadful Tribunal of the Righteous Judge of all the world.

The Execution was not long respited. There were but two days between that of his Sentence, and that of his Death; which he spent in such Devout and Pious Exercises, as become a dying Christian.

He receiv'd the Holy Sacrament, Bless'd and In-

Instructed those his Children that were with him; pray'd for the Peace of the Nation, for the Happiness of his Friends, and the Repentance of his Enemies.

The black and dismal day of his Execution being come, he is brought to the Place, which (as if it were design'd to add to his affliction, if possible) was, *a Scaffold erected just before his own Palace.*

The Spectators were amaz'd to see him enter upon that Bloody Stage with so much meekness and levity, so much serenity and chearfulness in his looks.

Nothing daunted, or surpriz'd with the sad Spectacle of the Instruments, and Circumstances of his Death, in a short Speech, he first declares his Innocence, laments the publick Calamity of the Kingdom; heartily pardons, and prays for his Enemies; Then, making an open Profession, that *He dy'd in the Christian Faith, according to the Profession of the Church of England*; and kneeling down, his last breath utters in a meek, and holy Prayer.

And, in assurance of God Almighty's Mercy, and his own Innocence, he (says he) *from a Corruptible, to an Incorruptible Crown, where no disturbance can be, but Peace, and Joy for Evermore.*

Then,

Then, lifting up his eyes and hands to Heaven, mildly praying to himself, he stooped down to the Block, and humbly bow'd down his Royal Head to God, to be cut off by the Vizarded Executioner, which was suddenly done, and one blow.

Thus fell that Mighty Monarch, and Miracle of Goodness, *CHARLES* I. of ever blessed memory, a Martyr for his God, and a Sacrifice for his Subjects; the Grief, and Glory of the *English* Nation; lamented not only by his Friends, but even by those very men (though too late) that had assisted in bringing him to the Block.

*Thus fell the Beauty of our* Israel, *in the High-places. How are the Mighty fallen?*

*Tell it not in* Gath; *publish it not in* Askalon; *lest the Daughters of the* Philistines *rejoyce; lest the Daughters of the Uncircumcised triumph.*

Tell it not among our Neighbours abroad, publish it not in Foreign Kingdoms, lest our Enemies rejoyce, lest we become a reproach to our Neighbours, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us.

*Ye Mountains of* Gilboah, *let there be no Dew, neither let there be Rain upon you, nor Fields of Offerings; for there the Shield of the Mighty is vilely cast away, the*

*Shield*

*Shield of* Saul, *as though he had not been anointed with Oyl.*

Let the fatal Time and Circumſtances never be forgotten, wherein the Shield of our Defence was vilely caſt away, wherein the Scepter fell from his Hand, and the Crown from his Head, as if he had not been anointed with Oyl.

*Ye Daughters of* Iſrael, *weep over* Saul, *who clothed you in Scarlet, with other Delights; who put on Ornaments of Gold upon your Apparel.*

Weep, O ye Loyal Subjects, over your Murder'd Prince, under whoſe ſhadow ye once enjoy'd all the Bleſſings of a happy Peace.

*How are the Mighty fallen, and the Weapons of War periſhed?*

Nor did the malice of his Enemies expire with his Life; they purſue and follow the Royal Martyr into the very ſhades of Death, like the *Philiſtines* that faſtned the dead body of *Saul* to the Walls of *Bethſhan.*

They raiſe falſe and ſcandalous Reports of his Religion; they erect him a Statue, with that contumelious Inſcription, *Exit Tyrannus*, and, in deſpight of his Name and Poſterity, paſs an Act for the utter aboliſhing of Monarchy it ſelf.

And thus I have given you a brief account of his late Majesties grievous Sufferings, both in his Life, and Death.

I come now, for Conclusion, to tell you what Use or Improvement we ought to make of the story.

And that will either respect the time past, or time to come.

As to the time past, we should with sorrow, and bitterness of Spirit, remember, and repent of those crying Sins, and Offences, which provok'd God Almighty to suffer his Anointed, our late Sovereign, (of happy memory) to drink so deep of the Cup of his Wrath, and humbly deprecate those Judgments, which we have reason to fear that Innocent Bloud may yet bring upon us. And this is the duty of this day.

As to the time to come, we must use our utmost care and diligence to prevent the like, by yielding all due Homage and Fealty to our Kings, and Respect and Obedience to all that are in Authority under them, both in Church and State. And this is the duty of our whole lives.

And, that we may herein acquit our selves, like good Christians, and Loyal Subjects, we must first

of

of all moſt induſtriouſly avoid thoſe things which have the very leaſt tendency to Diſloyalty, and the very firſt ſteps that lead to Rebellion.

Of this ſort are, *Murmuring, and repining againſt the Government*; and ſo are *Tumults*, and *Unlawful Conventions*; and therefore equally to be ſhun'd and avoided.

I ſay, we muſt beware of Murmuring, and repining againſt the Government.

This is become ſo common, and ordinary at this day, that I dare ſay there are many men ſcarce believe it to be a Sin.

Unhandſom Reflections upon His Majeſty, the Church, the State, the Court, the Council, and the Laws too, are the ordinary entertainments of ſome mens Converſation.

Every Mechanick now adays pretends to give you an exact account of all the diſtempers and miſtakes in the Government, and their proper helps, and remedies beſides; ſo that to hear him talk, you would think he had ſerv'd his Time to a Privy-Counſellour.

Nor is this a practice but of yeſterday; it hath been ſo in all ages, and amongſt all people.

*Omni populo ineſt aliquod malignum & querulum in Imperantes*, ſays *Plutarch*, in one of his Tracts.

*Men are generally malignant and querulous againſt their Governours.*

And though a Prince do nothing that may deſerve it, yet he is ſure to have the hatred of ſome. The moſt exalted Piety and Goodneſs, could never yet boaſt of every mans Love; nor the moſt unſpotted Innocence, ſecure it ſelf againſt the poyſon of Tongues.

And here I might add that Tetter, or Scab of the Commonwealth, the *Publiſhing of Scurrilous, and Seditious Pamphlets*; which, in my mind, is a kind of undermining the Government; But let the Authors take heed it do not at laſt fall upon their heads, and oppreſs them; For though the heels of Juſtice be of Lead, yet her hands are of Iron.

Therefore, *Curſe not the King, no, not in thy thought; for a Bird of the Air ſhall carry the voyce, and that which hath wings ſhall tell the matter.*

It is the wiſeſt of Kings, and the beſt of Preachers Counſel. *Eccleſ.* 10. 20.

*3dly.* The ſecond ſtepd or advance towards Rebellion, are *Tumults, and Unlawful Conventions*; and from theſe we ſhould abſtain, as we would from

the

the Infection of a Peſt-houſe; for there is *Nothing* (to uſe his late Majeſties own words) *portends more the diſpleaſure of God towards a Nation, than when he ſuffers the conſluence and clamours of the vulgar to paſs all boundaries of Laws, and reverence to Authority.*

And that which ſhould the more oblige us in this caſe to ſtand upon our Guard, is the fatal prevalence, and inſinuation of example.

For there is nothing more common, than for men to follow a multitude to do Evil, and like Beaſts march on with the Herd, without ever enquiring whither they go.

And beſides, in ſuch intemperate Heats, and Mutinies, men are apt to do thoſe things all together, which ſingly the very worſt of them would be aſham'd of; for every man fancies himſelf ſhelter'd in the Croud, and a great fault divided into many pieces, they think will be but every one a little.

To Tumults I added all other *Unlawful Meetings* and *Conventicles* whatſoever, yea, though they be under pretence of Religion it ſelf.

For beſides that, thoſe are for the moſt part Schools of Sedition, and Nurſeries of Schiſm, the very

very act of *Meeting*, and *Convening* it self, is a violation, and breach of the Law, and therefore by all means to be avoided.

Of both these, to wit, Mutinying against their Prince, and Invading the Priests Office, *Korah* and his Company stand a sad (but fatally pertinent) Example unto all Posterity.

Their story is *Numb.* 16. In verse 3. you have their Sin. *And they gathered themselves together against* Moses, *and against* Aaron, *and said unto them, Ye take too much upon you.*

Their Punishment you have in the 31, 32, 33. *And it came to pass, as* Moses *had made an end of speaking all these words, that the ground clave asunder that was under them,*

*And the Earth opened her mouth, and swallowed them up, and their Houses, and all the men that appertained unto* Korah, *and all their Goods.*

*They, and all that appertained to them, went down alive into the Pit; and the Earth closed upon them, and they perished from among the Congregation.*

And I know not what better Counsel I can give you, either in regard of *Tumults*, or *Unlawful Conventions*, than that which *Moses* gave the Children of *Israel*, upon that occasion of the Rebellion of *Korah*,

rah, in the 26. verse of the same Chapter: *Depart, I pray you, from the Tents of these wicked men, and touch nothing of theirs, lest you be consumed in all their Sins.*

And, as we must avoid those *Things*, so must we also avoid those *Persons*, which lead towards Rebellion.

I mean, we must have a care of the Designs and Insinuations of those covetous and ambitious men, who are always making a Party against the Government; and that for no other reason, but only to gratifie their own insatiable and boundless desires of Riches and Honour.

The *Tools* which these *State-wrights* commonly work with; the *Baits* which cover their *Hooks*, are for the most part, the Preservation of *Religion*, and the Vindication of *Liberty*.

With these two specious pretences they draw in not only the wicked and proffigate Desperado's of their own Principles; but also the simple, short-sighted, well-meaning Multitude, who, ten to one, never know where they are, till there is no room left them them to retreat; Nor understand rightly what they are doing, till 'tis too late to retract.

And

And this was the very case of a great part of the Kingdom, in the late *Civil Wars*.

They cry'd so long upon Religion, that at last they conjur'd her up in so many shapes, and there appeared so many *New Lights*, that the undiscerning multitude could not tell easily which was the *Old*.

They were affraid of the *Re-establishing of Superstition, and Popery*; and look'd upon our Churches decent and useful Ceremonies, as *Dangerous Innovations, and Introductions to Idolatry*.

And in the State, the fancy'd endeavours of an *Arbitrary Government*, and advancing a *Boundless Prerogative*, even to the despoyling the Subject, and robbing him of his Birth-Right, the benefit of the Laws.

And, to free themselves of these *Fears* and *Jealousies*, they ran out into an open Rebellion; whereby, instead of settling and confirming, they ruine and overthrow the very Foundations of both *Religion* and *Liberty*.

Alass! their Ignorance in both.

One would think that the Excellency of our Religion, and the great Prudence and Sincerity us'd in the Reformation, might have satisfied any considering

ring man, that there was no danger of our returning to the Communion of the Church of *Rome*; Or, if nothing else would, yet (methinks) the inconsistence of the Interest of our Kings with subjection to that See, might have perswaded any man in his wits, that they would never submit themselves again to that Yoke, which neither we, nor our Fore-fathers, have been able to bear.

And again, for *Liberty*, it can never be for the *Publick Good*, to assert it by *Subjects* taking up *Arms* against their *Prince*, because some ambitious designing men are always sure in such cases to make the abused People their own Slaves.

This truth was well known to some at the beginning of our Troubles, though their endeavours to infuse it into the distempered peoples minds, had the fate of *Cassandra's* Predictions, *To hit the Truth, but want Belief*, till a costly, and too late experience, had vouch'd it.

So that, upon the upshot, it appeared, that all the fair pretences of their Leading-men, were but a miserable masque and cover of a Damnable Rebellion; and their towering, high-flown Religion, nothing but down-right Hypocrisie, and deep Dissimulation.

This was but too plain to every body, upon their refusal of His Majesty's large Concessions, in the last Treaty he had with them.

Every mans eyes were then opened, and they saw manifestly, that the great designers and managers of that Rebellion, aim'd at nothing but his Crown and Dignity; and that the People had all this while been deluded with appearances, and cheated with Golden Dreams. So true is that of the Prophet, even in this sense, 1 *Sam.* 15. 23. *Rebellion is as the Sin of Witchcraft.*

God deliver us from her Enchantments, and accept the Bloud of his dear Son *Jesus Christ*, as a perfect attonement for that Royal Innocent Bloud, wherewith our Land was, as this day, stain'd and polluted; Bless the Kings Majesty with a long and prosperous Reign; Grant us Peace and Truth in these our days, both in Church and State; Give us all one Loyal and Obedient heart; Compose all our Unnatural Heats and Divisions; Deliver us out of the hands of all our Enemies; and grant, *that those Evils which the craft and subtilty of the Devil or Man worketh against us, be brought to nought; and by the providence of his Goodness they may be dispersed, that we his Servants, being hurt by no Persecutions, may ever more*

*more give thanks unto him in his Holy Church, through Jesus Christ our Lord*: To whom, with the Father, and the Holy Ghost the Comforter, be all Honour and Glory, now and evermore,

*Amen.*

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*FINIS.*